

The Skyrocket



FINAL EDITION
Term of 1927-28

Reserve Room



The 1928

Skyrocket

Published by the

Students of

Handley High

School

Handley, ✧ Texas

Theta Bussey

Editor

Charlie Walden

Manager

DEDICATION

To one who has been the inspiration of the staff during the long hours spent in publishing "The Skyrocket", who has, by her steady devotion to duty, contributed so much to the success of both the monthly papers and final edition, and who is loved and respected by all of us, this volume is sincerely dedicated.



VARINA LIGGETT

Order of Books

The School

Classes

Literary

Activities

Ads.

The School



MR. STANLEY
President of the School Board



MR. SMART
Secretary of the School Board

MEMBERS

A. G. Rosser

A. S. Murray

M. F. Kitchen

Marvin Roberson

High School Building

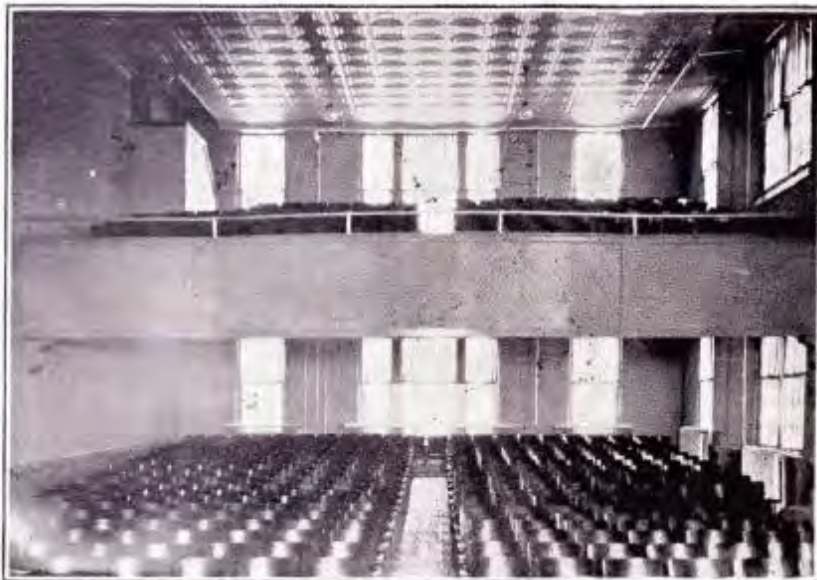


Handley High School is one of the most modern and best equipped institutions in Tarrant County. Work in all the various departments compares favorably with the accomplishments of many of the City Schools, and even with preparatory schools and junior colleges. The faculty, equipment, and building are the best obtainable. The present status of Handley High School is such that every citizen of this community should take pride in supporting it in every possible manner and to whatever degree necessary.

Auditorium



STAGE



SEATS

GYMNASIUM



The gymnasium is the nucleus of the athletic and social life of the school. Not only is it the place for many athletic combats but also for many social events. It is exceedingly well equipped and is in constant demand.

PARENT-TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION



MRS. I. B. HOWELL
President

An Appreciation To The Parent-Teachers' Association

To the Parent-Teachers' Association we, the senior class of 1923, wish to express our appreciation for your untiring efforts and hearty co-operation in the interest of our welfare. For your wholly unselfish services we are grateful, and we are exceedingly happy to take advantage of this opportunity to offer our thanks to our parents and our teachers. We realize that our teachers who have given us ideals and instructions which will lay the foundation for our fuller characters and shape our lives for the many years to come, deserve our deepest gratitude. We know that the unparalleled generosity of our parents has made them, above everyone else in the world, our benefactors. To so worthy an organization, composed of both teachers and parents, we have no other wish than to live our lives in such a way as to fully compensate you for your noble sacrifices for us.



TMS

FACULTY



C. S. CARTER

Superintendent of Handley Public Schools

Faculty

MR. C. K. STARK,

Mathematics

N. T. S. T. C. and T. C. U.

MRS. ROBERT SIMONS,

English

A. B., B. O., M. A., T. C. U., Fort Worth.

MR. PAT DODSON,

Science

Baylor University, 1921; B. S. East Texas State Teachers College,
Southern Methodist University, 1926.

MISS VARINA LIGGETT,

English and History

College of Industrial Arts, North Texas Agricultural College,
Southwestern Junior College, Union College, Nebraska, B. A. Degree.

MR. JOHN C. ROBERTSON,

Spanish and Latin

B. A., University of Texas.



Faculty

MISS VIVIAN PIERCE,

Commercial Courses

N. T. S. T. C., Denton, University of Texas, University of Colorado,

MRS. JEAN FORBES,

History

B. A., Cornell University, M. A., Oklahoma University.

MISS JANIE CRAIG,

Piano

T. W. C., Chicago Musical College, Institute of Musical Arts, New York.

MISS MAXINE WOOLVERTON,

Piano

T. C. U.

MISS FLARRA MALONE,

Secretary

N. T. A. C.



Classes

Class Officers

SENIORS

President	Sam Kitchen
Vice president	Victor Johnson
Secretary	Elsie Graves
Treasurer	Theta Bussey
Sponsor	Mrs. Robert V. Simons

JUNIORS—HIGH

President	Ora Mae Blair
Vice president	Gertrude Butcher
Secretary and Treasurer	Bonnie Hudgens
Sponsor	Mr. Robertson

JUNIORS—LOW

President	Fred Kemp
Vice President	Shirley Smart
Secretary and Treasurer	Hattie Mae Driggers
Sponsor	Miss Pierce

SOPHOMORES—HIGH

President	Harvey Fletcher
Vice president	Dorothy Mothershed
Secretary and Treasurer	Jewel Ruth Roberson
Sponsor	Mrs. Forbes

SOPHOMORES—LOW

President	Fannie Wells
Vice president	Wayne McGee
Secretary and Treasurer	Jerry Beidler
Sponsor	Mr. Stark

FRESHMEN—HIGH

President	Jack Jenkins
Vice president	Carl Cashion
Secretary and Treasurer	Vernon Robinson
Sponsor	Mr. Dodson

FRESHMEN—LOW

President	Edgar Mims
Vice president	Mildred Higgins
Secretary and Treasurer	Virginia Cormack
Sponsor	Miss Liggett



SENIORS



SAM KITCHEN

Hi-Y, Debate '28, President Senior Class, Salutatorian, Skyrocket Staff.
"A good winner, but a better loser."

ELSIE JIMMIE GRAVES

Secretary Senior Class, Secretary Girl Reserves.
"Happy am I from care I'm free,
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

VICTOR JOHNSON

Vice-President Senior Class, Dramatic Club, Hi Y, Spanish Club.
"A patient persevering chap,
He'll reach his goal, whate'er may hap."

THETA BUSSEY

Cabinet member Girl Reserves, Treasurer Senior Class, Valedictorian, Editor Skyrocket.
"And her modest answer and graceful air,
Show her wise and good as she is fair."

CHARLIE WALDEN

President Hi Y, Spokesman Senior Class, Debate '27, '28, Business Manager Skyrocket, Football '25, '26, '27.

PALMA DUKE

Cabinet Member Girl Reserves.
"A talented musician, full of fun."

GRACE KIKER

Cabinet Member Girl Reserves, Basket Ball '27.
"Blessed is she that has the gift of making friends."

RAYMOND MALONE

Football '27, Basket Ball '28, Sergeant at Arms Hi-Y.
"He has a smile that spreads good will over the whole world."

BEATRICE SMITH

Literary Editor of Skyrocket, Cabinet Member Girl Reserves, Spanish Club, Declamation '27, Debate '28.
"She opens her mouth with wisdom and her tongue is the law of kindness."

MARGARET SHAHAN

Skyrocket Staff.
"She is gentle, she is shy,
But there is mischief in her eye."





RUTH BRADLEY

"Always cheerful, always jolly,
Merriment cannot be folly."

RUTH BRANNON

President Girl Reserves.
"One knew that she would always do the
right thing."

OZELLE NORWOOD

Basket Ball '28.
"She is never too busy to greet you with
a smile."

AUBREY McGEE

Secretary Hi-Y, Dramatic Club, Basket
Ball '27, '28, Football '27, Spanish Club.
"A prince of good fellows."

CLARA MURRAY

Spanish Club, Cabinet Member Girl Re-
serves.
"Energetic, neat, concise,
Needing not the instructor's advice."

RICHARD RAGLAND

Hi Y, Dramatic Club, Football '27, Basket
Ball '27, '28.
"All the world loves a lover."

CLATTIE METCALFE

"Enough sunshine to furnish the world."

HELEN WEILER

Girl Reserves, Dramatic Club.
"Her very frowns are fairer far,
Than smiles of other maidens are."

KATHLYN WOOLVERTON

Girl Reserves, Dramatic Club.
"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and sweet,
An excellent thing in a woman."

NELL RIGBY

"She knows what she knows when she
knows it."





ELLA JANE CRAIG

Declamation '27.
"Live, laugh, and let live."

FLORENCE CADWALLADER

Cabinet Member Girl Reserves.
"Her character, like a well-cut jewel,
shines whichever way you approach it."

KATHLEEN HUBBARD

Girl Reserves, Dramatic Club.
"A bit of sunshine."

GERTRUDE ROSSER

Dramatic Club
"Slight is the form, but not so the intellect."

WALTER MORING

Hi-Y, Dramatic Club.
"Great men are not appreciated by their contemporaries."

PARKER HITT

Football '26, Hi-Y, Dramatic Club.
"A man of many inches and every inch
a man."

NELLIE STANDLEE

Cabinet Member Girl Reserves, Spanish Club.
"She has the kind of brown eyes that fairly
talk."

FRANCES ROUTH

"But if ye saw that which no eye can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spirit."

MARGUERITE WELLS

Treasurer Girl Reserves, Senior Class Reporter, Spanish Club.
"The mildest manners with the bravest
mind."

ROBERT ANDRUS

Hi-Y
"Good things come in small parcels."





JUNIORS



TOP PANEL

ORA MAE BLAIR
GERTRUDE BUTCHER
BONNIE HUDGENS
EUSTACE FLETCHER
FRED KEMP
SHIRLEY SMART
HATTIE MAE DRIGGERS
BEVERLY COX
RAYMOND PARR

BOTTOM PANEL

SCRANTON THOMAS
LOUISE LIST
CLIFFORD ROUTH
FLORENCE COOKE
THELMA CRESWELL
FLORENCE GLESPIE
RUBY HESTER
ETHEL JOBE
WILLIE JONES





TOP PANEL

DOROTHY SMITH
 MARY WALLING
 REBA MITCHELL
 HAZEL REYNOLDS
 HERMAN BLACKBURN
 DE WITT MARSHALL
 HAROLD SPEIGHT
 EUGENE ANDERSON
 LEWIS EMERY

BOTTOM PANEL

DOROTHY CADWALLADER
 MARGARET PARKER
 MARGARET McGEE
 HELEN MARIE STEVENS
 GLADYS WELCH
 BESSIE WELLS
 CLAUDE CARMACK
 FRITZ GROENE
 SHERWOOD HAW



TO THE SENIORS OF '23

To the Senior class of '23 we wish success in life,
We wish you happiness and wealth and the very least of strife.
We wish you joy upon your way,
But most of all we wish someday
To hold the place you hold today.

We are climbing, struggling along the selfsame way;
Learning and gaining from the things you say,
They say that the world is waiting for you,
Then will it not be wanting us, too,
When each of us shall be one of that few.

As you, one by one, journey along on life's highway,
Remember we are wishing you success day by day,
And we are wishing you happiness along the way,
We're are watching you, too, though you're far away,
While we are holding the place you hold today.

Seniors, our friends, it is all up to you.
It's you who are choosing what you are to do,
But we're placing our faith in you, both girl and boy,
And we're hoping for you a life full of joy,
When we mill each smiling face,
We hope that we will be holding your place.

No matter, though, if for you life does not bring fame;
We know you'll be happy and gay just the same.
Again we wish you joy upon your way,
But still most of all we wish someday
To hold the place you hold today.



UNDERCLASSMEN

Sophomores

TOP PANEL

Jewel Ruth Roberson

Ruth Burton

Durayne Roper

Mary Sue Burt

Edith Waters

Dorothy Mothershed

Jessie Hoskins

BOTTOM PANEL

Ruth Bilton

Vernon Grady

Helen Routt

Harvey Fletcher

Lucille Quisenbury

Bessie Maxwell

Elwood McGee



TOP PANEL

Louise Thompson

Mary Alice Nichols

Elizabeth Honeycutt

Susa Mae Beer

Christine Mims

J. C. Hawkins

Lucille Miller

BOTTOM PANEL

Wayne McGee

Joe Chelf

Fannie Wells

Raymond Hoskins

Nelma Grady

Lotus Smith

Louise Daniels



THE DEPENDABLE SOPHS

Mary Alice Nichols

The Juniors think that *they* are smart.
So do the Freshmen too.
But when the teachers want something done
The *Sophomores* have it to do.

Their duty, sometimes, the Juniors shirk
And so with the Freshmen it's been.
But every teacher has learned by now,
On the *Sophs* they can always depend.

Why its this way, we cannot say,
But never the less—its true;
For oh! the many, many things
We're called upon to do.

We have books to read, reports to make,
No matter how hard they try,
No teacher can ever make us groan
Or cause a *Soph* to sigh.

So why not follow us *Sophomores*
In our example of willing work,
What pleasures does it bring you, anyway,
To forever, your lessons shirk?

Just follow our footsteps onward
Right on to examination brink,
And if you have prepared each lesson as *Sophs* do
You will be all right, *We* think!

F r e s h m e n

Margaret Smart
Zelletta Roper
Una B. Groene
Ronda Winn
Jeanne Giegling
Alice Mae Hendricks
Wade Freudiger
Carl Cashion
Jack Jenkins
Herman Milliken
Horace Rich
Jane Booth
C. K. Jenkins



L o w F r e s h m e n

Atha Anthony

Billie Beer

Virginia Carmack

Luetta Eastman

Mildred Higgins

Alma Sikes

Cora Speight

Eula Mac Webb

Flora Jane Hertig

Bonnie Waltrip

Marydelle Burlew

Dally Fletcher

Alton Lumpkin

Edgar Mims

Ray Reynolds

C. W. Smith

Leonard Willingham

Tom Maliase

Norbert Hargrove

Emory Madding

C. B. Smith





MR. REEVES
Principal of Handley Grade School

Laying the foundation is considered the most important in the building of all material things. This foundation must begin at the very bottom, and if each workman does his utmost, there will be no weak places in the foundation which must support the enormous structure. Realizing this truth, we, the teachers of the East Side School, are endeavoring to unite our efforts in order that we may help our pupils lay foundations that will stand throughout their lives.

In everything we do, we have had only one object in mind during the whole school year, and that is the pupils themselves. We have done in every respect what we considered best for the pupils. We surely appreciate the attitude they have taken toward us and wish to thank all of them for helping us carry out our mission.

To each parent we extend an appreciation for your hearty co-operation which you have given; without your aid in all undertakings we would not have accomplished as much as we have, but with your co-operation we have worked patiently and we believe your child has received much during this school year.

High Seventh Grade

MR. REEVES

Reba Waters
Paul Kiker
J. C. Rea
Fontaine McGee
Junior Davis
Clyde Welch
J. D. Dederichs
Junior Davis
Weyman McGee
Christine Tucker
Luther Werner
Fay Joyner
Woodrow Booth

Morzelle Adams
Naida McGee
Mary Loyise Hertig
Walter Walker
Maxine Dillard
Carl Marshall
Loftis Stroud
Earnest Wilson
Bonnie Crider
Johnny Garrett
Frances Leathermman
Georgia Lee Harris
Maurice Fraudiger



Low Seventh Grade

1957

MRS. E. E. FOWLER

Sp

Frances Cabeen
Jewel Conn
Newel Davis
Martha Dunaway
Weldon Evans
Naomi Evens
Clara Mae Estes
Valverie Griffin
Sara Lynn Harris
Homer Hitt
Jack Kemp
Rubert Kiker
James Lee Lard
Albert List
Minnie Lee Little Page

Christine Madding
Alice L. McGee
Jennie Ruth Parr
Harry Routt
Vernon Routt
Grover Shifflet
Randol Smith
Dorothy Shahan
Maydell Shahan
Viola Swanson
Iva Wells
Rex Parker
Lymen Miller
Ruth Rawlins



High Sixth Grade

PEGGIE BEARD

Lucille Gilstrap
Dick Griffin
Addie Alice Hershey
Cenyon Eaton
Carlton Metcalfe
Norman Young
O. S. Daniel
Willie Ruth Kiker
Earnest Griffin
David Weiler
Holland Miller
Eddie Swackhamer
Theron Gillispie
Allen Muse
Wilma Newman
Tom Wright

Margaret Tipton
J. C. Barr
Roger Geigling
Wilburn Jenkins
Carroll Lumpkin
Panchy Cook
Doris Rich
Clarence Chambers
Christine Parker
Raymond Jobe
Nancy Farrall
Day Taylor
Jessie Blackburn
Everett Grady
Mary Ruth Lockett



Low Sixth Grade

MISS KELLY

Irlene Lowery
Marie Moore
C. Y. Murff
Charles Murray
Annie Lee Redding
June Porter
Frank Smith
Cruceell Sorrels
Earnest Taylor
Nell Sue Fisher
Martha Gates
Alfred Webb
Appie Maliase

Betholene Maliase
Charles Barnes
J. D. Cashion
Louis Cook
A. J. Fletcher
Elsie Greene
C. W. Hendericks
Walter Higgins
Latrelle Hoskins
Bonnie Mae Griffin
Joseph Kunze
Helen Lomax
Roy Lomax



High Fifth Grade

LEITA CHRISMAN

Mary Elizabeth List
Katie Routt
Billie Pool
Harold Malone
Elmer Webb
Jack Robertson
Morris Bates
Margaret Henderson
Doris Robinson
Ruby Conn
Edalene Gilliespie
Odell Cook
Gray Johnson
Gibson Chell
Monroe Rainey
Darwin Kirby
Maxine Anderson
Oma Lee Taylor
Florine Stepp
Robert Witt

Evelyn Moore
Mildred White
Opal Ketchum
Loyd Brookmole
Mildred Willis
J. L. Marshall
Gathel Hunt
Gladys Hunt
Sherrell Metcalfe
S. A. Speight
Maxine Follmar
W. G. Davis
Hershell Young
Sue Edwards
Frederish Isenman
Raymond Bentley
Robert Harris
Willard Godwin
Fred Parsley



Low Fifth Grade

MISS ABBIE DALTON

Olbin Parker
Hayden Eaton
Con tie Follmar
C. L. Gillis
F. W. Greene
A. T. Grimes
Donald Gunn
Howard Morton
John Werner
Clarence Dederich
Evelyn Brown
Mildred Burton
Helen Ruth Butcher
Mary Evelyn Cashion
Loretha Elliott
Mildred Estes
Lorene Evans
Sara Margaret Frankenfield
Katie Gilstrap
Hazel Green

Myrtis Griffin
Mary Jane Kemp
Virginia McCamey
Harvey Lee McEwen
Martha Jean McGee
Helen Ruth Morrison
Loree Owens
Frankie Rimmer
Mae Pearl Roberson
Cynthia Routh
Norma Slaughter
Oleta Stapp
Treva Mae Thomas
Martha Thomason
June Wells
Robertta Willingham
Viola Dederich
Odessa Davis
Maralee Hollers



Third and Fourth Grades

MRS PICKERELL

Nelson Powell
Etola Roper
Pauline Creswell
Aubrey Gates
Freida Witherspoon
Roy Isham
Cecil Rich
Margaret Redding
Clayton Newman
Harold Thomas
Cecil Hudgens
James Lowery
R. F. Powell
Mary Frances Roberson
Marguerite McConnell
Guthrie Hudson
Roy Boyd

Bowie Sellers
Peggie Hart
Frank Applegate
Jaunita Ketchem
Francis Parker
Jacob Farrell
Dorothy Ulmer
Glenn Isham
Anna Belle Smith
Carrie Lee Hill
L. D. Mitchell
Hazel Jobe
Alma Dell Smith
Lee McClendon
Bill Evans
Katheryn Cadwallader



Second Grade

MRS. MORRISON

Mary Elizabeth Dunn
Jaunita Davis
Dorothy Griffin
Francis Hart
Syvaline Harris
Virginia Giggins
Ruth Johnson
Ruth Lancaster
Gerildine Littlepage
Doris Nell Marshall
Sara Lou McClary
Marjorie Parker
Mary Elizabeth Reno
Annie Lee Rigby
Lorene Stepp
Inez Witt
Clara Ince
Sam Adams
John G. Armstrong
Arvell Swackhamer
Grover Bates
Paul Burton
Harley Bunton

Harold Cooke
Alton Cox
James Hale
D. W. Hart, Jr.
Charles Hoskins
Walter Ward Kemp
Woodrow Kiker
James Leatherman
John Maliase
Billy McGee
Ben Merritt
Robert Rainey
Jack Routt
William Stalcup
Joe Stout
James Stowe
Stan Waddell
Carr Winn
J. W. Woolridge
Leonard Wimbs
Eugene McIlroy
Freeman D. Hunt



First and Second Grades

MRS. ISENMAN

Billie Barnes
Jack Farmer
Cecil Isham
Howard Jones
George Noah
George Tipton
Clyde Young
Ansell Rainey
Jack Rud
Jack Drake
Eugene Witherspoon
Vernon Ellington
Henry Fair
Bahnert Grimes
Franklin Hardesty
Clarence Miller
Horace Ralston
Ralph Reynolds
Celons Powell
Wayne Lowery
J. W. Evans
Dorothy Birtciel
Joyce Eaton

Myra Nell Gillis
Guynta Maria Green
Baulah V. Pauls
Willie Mae Smith
Louise Lockett
Onida May Totum
Marjorie White
Audrey Dillard
Lee Witherspoon
Geraldine Gouger
Larue Baker
Elsa Cashion
Margaret Evans
Janie Margaret Grady
Jewel Isham
Frances Lose
Patty Jo Mann
Anna B. McComb
Helen Richardson
Gergis Rider
Marie Chambers
Sammy Frankinfield
Billie Brookmole



First Grade

MISS ONIOLEE BARLETT

Velma Phemister
Marl Campbell
Mark Taylor
Rudolph Bethune
Margarite Byrd
Murl Kerby
William Tucker
Mary Janice Tucker
Billie Wannell Parker
Frances Hellen Watson
Reece Hudgens
Georgia McKamey
Quinn Anthony
Hortense Parsley
Witt Ervin
Fae Ruth Edwards
Opal Coal
Dorothy Marie Wilkerson
Anna Willie Hood

Gene Falmer
Bonnie Joe Hunter
J. W. Stapp
Pershing Jones
Dorothy Henderson
Lizzie Clair
B. C. Robertson
Mildred Shahan
Elouise Bigler
Curtis Ward List
Hugh Stowe
Joe Anderson
Anna Dedrich
Jack Stout
Billie Brookmould
Tommie Ramey
Cathleen Curren
Loretta McKelroy
Denazell Hood





DOROTHY SHAHAN

Winner in Declamation

Tarrant County

and

District No. 10



Literary

My Mercedes Home

BY LEWIS EMERY

I arrived at Mercedes just as the sun was peeping over the chain of hills which bordered the valley. Mercedes consists of one store, which is general-merchandise, post office, drug store, and loafer's paradise combined. My mission in this forlorn village was of a very strange nature. Three years ago,—to be exact, three and one-half, my grandfather gave me a house which was located in a little nook between two hills. I had leased this house several times, but none of my tenants chose to remain very long. I was curious to know the reason for their sudden departure, and as I was on my vacation, I planned to spend a pleasant week in my house.

I spent the morning enjoying wonderful scenery that could be seen from the front of the store. At noon I procured enough supplies to last a week and started on my journey to the house where I was doomed to have many strange adventures.

The walk from the store to the house was the most pleasant event of my visit. The evening breeze was cool and soothing. I approached the house as the sun was setting. The walk across the meadow was made at a very slow rate, because I stopped many, many times enroute.

The yard was unkept, but it made a nice setting for the house which was a large rambling, seven gabled, stone structure. The stones were beginning to crumble, and there was a window near the roof with a large hole broken in the glass. The hills formed a perfect background, being low and rambling like the old house. As I entered a cold, chilling feeling settled upon me. There were five rooms on the first floor. All were bare except the kitchen, which contained a stove, lamp, table, and cot. I placed my supplies on the table and walked into the hall where I found the stairs, which I didn't ascend for reasons I do not wish to state.

Although it was still early, I lay down upon the cot. For about thirty minutes I thought of the wonderful time I should have the next day; then I fell asleep. I had been sleeping only a short time when I was jarred completely out of slumberland by a terrible, horrifying, blood curdling scream which echoed and re-echoed through the walls of the house. I was frozen. I couldn't move, scream or even think. I lay in that condition until about three o'clock, as well as I can remember. Finally I dropped into a troubled sleep, dreaming of murder, death, and all things that are horrid and ghastly.

The next morning I arose and cooked my breakfast, after which I went to the hills to spend the day. I enjoyed the day very much and came back to the house in high spirits, but as I entered, the same chilly, cold feeling settled upon me. I crept into bed without any supper, assuring myself that the previous night was only a dream. Before thirty minutes had elapsed I heard a thumping on the wall of the attic room, and following the thumping a swish, swish, sound coming down the stairs. Then came the much dreaded scream a thousand times as shrill and terrifying as the one the night before. I do not remember exactly what happened until I found myself telling my story to the storekeeper, Mr. Van Bruin Vedder. Mr. Vedder said

that this was the very story my tenants had told. He agreed, for one hundred dollars, to spend the next night with me in the house. That evening we left for what was to me the most miserable spot on earth. In less than thirty minutes we were there. As we came within about thirty yards of the house, a cold clammy feeling fell upon us like a drapery. Mr. Vedder, however, didn't hesitate in the least. We went in. I admit I was very much afraid. We went all through the lower floor but found nothing. On passing through the hall I sat down upon the lower step of the stairs while my partner investigated the kitchen. A feeling of horror racked my very soul as I discovered that I was sitting in a pool of blood. I tried to call, but my tongue completely filled my mouth or, perhaps, it was my heart. Cold beads of sweat ran down my cheeks. I soon recovered and called my partner to come. He was not scared nearly so much as I.

Instead of screaming he simply followed the blood marks up the stairs and on into the attic. We searched the room but found nothing except a smear of blood here and there. As night came on, a feeling of loneliness came over me. I had a sudden desire to flee to the city, but having been a coward so many times during the past two days I determined to be brave, for a while at least. We did not attempt to sleep that night, intending to wait for the usual scream. I dreaded that scream more than I dread my death. About nine o'clock it came,—terrifying, awful, horrible; and we also heard the swish, swish of something ascending the stairs. We grabbed up the lamp and went to the stairs. There were fresh blood marks on the steps. We followed the marks and as we entered the room two large round balls of fire appeared before us. It was awful, but it was still more terrible when they began to come closer and closer. I could do nothing but wait. They came on and on and on. I lived twenty centuries while those two balls of fire approached.

Finally they made a wild rush at the lamp and knocked it to the floor, and I do not think that it was cowardice for us to turn and run. The same thing happened for two more nights. On the sixth day Mr. Vedder went to the woods and came back with a woodsman, Bill Woodward. He agreed to solve the mystery. My partner and I went to the store to get a good night's rest, which we needed badly. Mr. Woodward stayed to sleep, if possible, in the house. About six o'clock of the seventh morning Mr. Woodward came into the store grinning, and this is his story.

"I never was much of a believer in haints and I ain't yet. The first thing I did was to investigate the source of them blood spots. I found that they led to a hole in the wall above a window in the southeast room. I tore out a board and found a rats nest. I had my suspicions. Then I went into the attic to investigate around, and in the corner I found a owl's feather." Here Mr. Woodward let out a long, loud laugh. "Then every thing wuz all clear. Some old owl had took to livin' in the attic. You know he could come through the hole in the window. I guess about the third night he got kinda hungry and so he just investigated around. Fore long he found them rats, and so just caught one of them, and when he caught this rat, the rat, he lets out a scream. Then the owl drags the rat up the stairs smearing blood all the way up and when you went to the attic and seen the owl eyes you thought it was haints, and as the owl just naturally don't like lights, it just simply slaps the lamp to the floor. The thumping you heard was the owl flying against the

wall and the swishing was his wings beating the air." With out saying another word, he turned and walked off chuckling.

The Price of Revenge

BY ETHEL JOBE

The last rays of the golden sun died away, leaving the long endless gold, shifting sands of the Arizona desert in darkness, cold and damp. A foreboding silence, broken only by the cold whispering Western wind, filled the heavens with fear till the moon and stars were afraid to unveil their smiling faces lest they find some tragedy to fill their eyes with terror.

Suddenly a long, sad, mournful neigh of a horse smote the cold air;—then a second and a third. A flash of light, a slow flicker of a flame, and a fresh built camp fire sent the cold damp air scurrying in fright. Three dark human forms were revealed. As the fire, encouraged by the fanning wind, grew brighter, the forms became three weary, sand covered men seated on a half visible log and staring moodily into the fire. Each wore a dirty and ragged suit, characteristic of the West, and a two days' growth of beard. Two were gray haired and their faces were lined with wrinkles of toil and trouble. The third appeared to be younger. His black curly hair showed only a bit of gray at the temples. His eyes were steel gray and his firm lips and chin were set in a hard, straight line.

The wind whistled and a wolf howled. The youngest of the three men slapped his dirty, toil worn hands over his ears, shut his eyes, and shuddered as if trying to shut out a vision and a voice. One of the gray haired men saw his actions and asked, "W'ats matter, Harry?"

Harry Johnson parted his lips as if about to speak when the sound of a wolf's howl once more filled the air. His parted lips pressed together in agony, and he jumped up as if about to flee. He reseated himself, staring into the fire.

Raising his sad gray eyes, he gazed into the friendly faces of his companions and spoke in a golden voice denoting refinement, "Boys, twenty years ago—I was ten—brother, who was two years younger, and I stood in a little cemetery somewhere in Texas at the foot of a newly dug grave. As the heavens wept and the wind sang a mournful song, my father and mother were buried. They were killed in an automobile accident. Brother escaped with a great jagged cross shaped gash on his left shoulder. I received a slight bruise on my cheek.

"After the funeral we went back to a little tumbled down shack we called home to find our last penny had been stolen. A sweet, kind, old lady took us to her home.

"One day when the flowers were in bloom and were dancing in the cool summer breeze, when brother and I had almost forgotten the sorrow in our baby hearts and were playing under a huge oak, a beautiful car came to take brother away. We screamed, fought, and cried in vain. Three days later I, too, was taken away.

I found myself in a beautiful home surrounded by flowers, murmuring fountains and untold beauties. The tearful face of brother was almost forgotten so great was my new found joy.

"Fifteen happy years passed, and I stood before a great audience to receive my diploma. As I stood there and gazed over the sea of faces, brother's tearful face appeared before my eyes. My joy was turned to sadness and tears I could not hide dropped to the floor, turning a crimson red as the sinking sun cast its reflection there.

"I left college, determined to search for my lost brother. Hoping to obtain information from the kind old lady who had cared for us, I turned my footsteps back to the little cabin where we had played beneath the knotted old oak.

"As I neared the old home, my heart sank in despair. The place appeared desolate and forlorn. The old well had sunken in and the wooden bucket lay decaying on the ground. The roof of the old barn had fallen in, and a smell of rotting leaves and wood filled the air. Mice, starved and lank, ran in fright before my leaden feet. The old oak lay broken in the swirling dust. My tears flowed unheeded as I thought that this old tree was like a great human heart, once happy and free, now broken and lying in the dust of age.

"Giving up all hopes, I bought a packmule, tent, grub, and blankets and turned westward, hoping that the shifting sands of the desert would make me forget my sorrow, and teach me to cheer other sore hearts onward.

"Three days I traveled over sunbaked sands. Three days those sands twisted and formed the baby face of brother. Three days I stretched aching arms out to him only to enclose them on hot, empty air. Three nights the wind whispered, 'Shame, shame, coward, brace up. Be a man!' Three nights the wolves howled, 'Coward.'

"On the fourth day I moistened my lips with the last drop of water. My mule staggered, yet the unmerciful sun burned on, on, and on. The sands shifted, laughed, and mocked. My body ached, my tongue swelled and filled my parched mouth. My black lips pained and my eyes seemed as if they were bursting from my head. The sand shifted, rose and fell like the great waves of a sand ocean. The sun turned on, on and on; then in the distance—Water! Water! I spurred my staggering horse onward. Would I never reach it? It danced, ran and mocked. My horse fell and I crawled on till the water suddenly appeared at arm's length. I stretched my arm forth trying to grasp it into my fevered hand. My hands grasped blistering golden sand. The water disappeared and then returned to laugh and mock in the distance. A buzzard flew lazily overhead. I began to plunge down, down and down into a black pit of steam.

"I awoke to find something cool and soft beneath my burned body, and a sweet gentle song floated over my aching head. I tried to turn my head to look about me. Was I in heaven? The voice ceased. A golden head and sky blue eyes floated mistily over me and something cool touched my burning lips, I slept.

"I awoke the second time to find myself lying in a cool, white bed, on which the sun was shining through a tiny window. I looked about me and discovered I was in a barren, three-room cabin built in an Oasis on the desert. The walls were bare, and the few pieces of furniture were roughly constructed of split logs.

"A golden haired girl with sea blue eyes came into my room and draped a ragged piece of cloth across the window to shut out the glaring sun rays. When she saw I was awake, she smiled, revealing a straight row of dazzling white teeth and one tiny dimple in each cheek. Her blue eyes danced with the joy of living and her golden hair blew in the breeze, taking me back under the knotted old oak with brother's golden hair and tiny dimples. Surely God had taken mercy on me and had given him back to me in the gentle face of the girl.

"A footstep fell outside the door and Edith ran to open it. A tall man a few years younger than I with steel gray eyes like my own and faded yellow hair entered. He walked to my bedside and asked how I felt. He said he and his wife had found me a few miles from the house. His wife! Just when it seemed as if God had replaced my younger brother and peace came to me it was snatched from my hands. How I hated the world! I hated myself, and all the gratitude I should have felt for this man turned to hate! I hated everything. The world was a rocky path of sorrow and toil, seeming to snatch all joy from life.

"Three weeks passed before I was able to travel again. Each day my hatred for the man, Paul, grew. Each day a feverish desire to revenge my sorrows on him racked my brain till my head ached.

"One beautiful morning when the sun turned the sand into gold and tiny shining diamonds, Paul and I mounted our horses and I with a bursting heart bade farewell to Edith. Paul was going with me as far as a store on the desert edge for provisions.

"On the second day of our journey a sand storm came. The sand blew and swirled before our eyes till we could hardly see. The wind howled. Paul screamed as his horse fell in the blinding sand. His leg was broken. Some demon must have taken possession of me, for I laughed and spurred my horse onward. Paul realized I was leaving and fell on bended knee, pleading for his life; but I only rode the faster. His voice grew fainter and fainter till I heard it no more. Silence and darkness overcame me. I was all alone on the unmerciful desert again. Then slowly and mournfully the wind began to blow and whisper, bringing a chill like death. A wolf howled. A pleading face arose before my sleepy eyes. A voice began to whisper in my ears. Slowly it began to form the pleading of Paul.

"At last, unable to stand the pleading voice, mocking face and suffocating death like air, I turned my horse in the direction from which I had come. Too late! Paul was dead when I reached him. His dark form lay on the hot sands. I got off my horse to turn his body over; it was lying face downward. In doing so I touched a deep, ragged, cross shaped hole on his left shoulder. The pale ashen face of my brother looked into my face. A wolf howled and the wind whispered."

Harry's last words died out in a whisper. The fire flickered and fell into hot ashes. A horse neighed softly and silence fell.

Next morning the two grayhaired men emerged from their tent, rubbed their heavy eyes, and called, "Harry." No answer. They called again but their only answer was a deathly silence. One of the two walked to a closed tent flap, raised it and shrieked in horror. Harry lay on his cot. His lips were parted and his numb cold fingers were clutched over his ears. Harry was dead.

Dramatic Review

The Dramatic Club for the year 1927-'28 was organized under the leadership of Miss Winnie Roberson. This is the fourth year that Handley High School has had a Dramatic Club and every one is highly pleased with its work.

The first play that was given was "The Way of a Maid," a comedy in three acts. This comedy was highly entertaining in every respect. The members that participated in this play were:

CAST

Mrs. Leighton, a wealthy young widow	Kathlyn Woolverton
Lenore Leighton, her stepdaughter	Hattie Mae Driggers
Tony Eveleth, her brother	Scranton Thomas
John Chestelden, her legal advisor	Jimmie Brown
Mariam Denison, her best friend	Helen Weiler
Hugh Halliday, an engaged (?) young man	Grant Lauderdale
Nora, the maid	Kathleen Hubbard
Barney Gilfoyle, Nora's gentleman friend	Paul Kemp
Dr. Sanborn, a comfort to the widow and the orphan (but chiefly the widow)	Vernon Grady
"Gimpy," a "fool" but—"a wise one"	Richard Ragland
Angus, the gardener	Fred Kemp
Perkins, the house-man	Aubrey McGee
Arvila & Elvira, the Leighton twins	Jewel Ruth Roberson and Edith Waters

Cyclone Sally

"Cyclone Sally" was presented by the members of the Senior class Friday evening, May 18, in the Handley High School Auditorium.

"Jack Webster" came to the little town of Cedar Point with his friend, Reggie Manners, a young Englishman. Jack Webster's intentions were to marry Sue Bascom, a hired girl of the "Thatchers", but he did not know that she was not in Cedar Point at the time. Jack did not love Sue, but he had found out that her uncle had died and had made out his *first* will to her. On his arrival at Cedar Point he found a large CABBAGE PATCH in front of his lawn! He found the guilty person to be "Cyclone Sally" and his attempts to make her move it were all in vain.

One day, Jennie Thatcher overheard Jack telling Reggie, that he would live an easy life when he married Sue Bascom (Sally's step-sister) with all her thousands and she repeated this to the other girls.

As Sally and Sue favored as much as "twin peas", Sally disguised herself like Sue. Jack Webster was none the "wiser."

Things progressed nicely until Jack really fell in love with "Sue" and she would not return his love!

In the mean-time Willie Clump was coming to see Sally, thinking that she was his girl, "Sue." He made a terrible mistake and told her of a second will that was made by her uncle leaving Sally his fortune but she did not know this.

He gave the will to Sally who held the will in her possession until other arrangements could be made.

Vivian Vernon was a very good friend to the Thatchers, and especially to Jack. She was somewhat jealous because Jack was paying too much attention to the "disguised Sue."

In a day or two Vivian received a letter from Chicago and it was from the real Sue Bascom! Of course Vivian knew that the person disguising herself as "Sue" was none other than "Cyclone Sally." The first thing that she did was to go to the Thatcher home and tell Jack and Reggie of the disguising . . . Jack's first impulse was: "*Could it be possible that I have been making love to Cyclone Sally! ? ?*"

But Vivian could not check the affair now for Jack was desperately in love with "Cyclone Sally" regardless of what she had done.

Jack declared his love to Sally and asked her hand in marriage; this she accepted. —So Jack turned a "cabbage lady" into "CABBAGE ROSE."

THE ENTIRE CAST

Jack Webster, owner of the Webster estate	Victor Johnson
Reggie Manners, a young Englishman—an adept at picking peaches	Aubrey McGee
Jim Jerkins, courted for twenty years and not yet discouraged	Charlie Walden
Willie Clump, Sue Bascom's beau and the world's eighth wonder ..	Richard Ragland
Jennie Thatcher, forty and the object of Jim's persistence	Beatrice Smith
Sally Graham, "Cyclone Sally"	Kathleen Hubbard
Ruth Thatcher, a peach Reggie would like to pluck	Grace Kiker
Effie Warden, a cute little neighbor	Margaret Shahan
Vivian Vernon the belle of Cedar Point	Kathlyn Woolverton

History Department

History is the story of mankind. The struggles and achievements, the hopes and sorrows of our ancestors form history. The dates, the names of men and causes of events are only parts of the great story; taken separately they add nothing to our lives. If we of today can catch the real story history has to tell us, we become better and fuller citizens by profiting by the lessons our forefathers learned.

Handley High School offers four years of history work, all four years of which are affiliated with the State Department of Education. The first two years are required of all students, but the last two are elective.

The first year, or eighth grade history, deals with mankind from beginning of civilization down through the centuries until modern times. European history is taught to the exclusion of all other histories because our ancestors were Europeans.

The second year of history portrays the story from the early seventeenth century through the World War and the problems of reconstruction following the war.

English History is offered in the Junior year of high school. This is considered the most important of all European histories for us to study because it was from England that the bulk of our forefathers came, bringing English customs, language and points of view.

The fourth year is divided—half given to history proper and half to civics. Our own country is studied exclusively at this time. Civics offers an explanation of the “hows” and “whys” of our government, that we may understand its problems and remedies.

Approximately one hundred and twenty students have been enrolled in history this year. The majority of these pupils have been taking the eighth and ninth grade courses.

The English Department

The English Department may readily be classed as one of the most important departments in high school, if not the most important, because the study of English is a study of expression of thought. Thoughts without words are nothing; therefore, the high school should not fail to teach the students not only how to think, but also to express their thoughts. All thoughts worthy of expression should be communicated in the best English possible.

Then, those who try to write should turn to the writings of others who have gained the art and find how they have used English to convey their thoughts. These writings need interpretation; the immature student cannot, unaided, catch all the meaning of such a writer as Milton. Objectives in the teaching of literature are to interpret the great writers of any given age, to point out their beauties of expression, and to explain what a poet meant by using this word and not that one.

All of these needs for the study of English are met in the English Department of Handley High School. The department is conducted by two very capable teachers. Practically all of the hundred and seventy-three students of the high school are enrolled in this department. The department is affiliated in all four units of high school English, which is an honor and credit to the school, teachers and students.

The course of study includes grammar; composition, under which come short stories, essays and poems; and a survey of both English and American literature from the earliest times to the present.

The teachers and students co-operating in this course of study correct bad habits in English and form good ones.

The Science Department

For the benefit of those who would overlook this fact we are glad to say that Handley High School has five affiliated units in science. The State Department of Education is very loath to give the fifth unit in science to high schools of fewer than 600 pupils; therefore, we feel that we should be justly proud.

The department consists of three large rooms occupying half of the third floor of our building. These rooms are equipped throughout with Sheldon laboratory furniture, and despite several years usage they are in the finest condition. Every year the School Board appropriates to the laboratory such amounts as the instructor may deem necessary to keep sufficient apparatus and materials on hand for efficient experimental work. We are very, very grateful to the Board for this forethought.

Our science department adequately prepares the students who wish to major in science for a good start in their college work. The work here is thorough and is always made very interesting.

Foreign Language Department

As civilization advances it is seen that one of the factors that is most potent in uniting and holding together people is a deep understanding and sympathy. It is generally conceded that much trouble has arisen from mere misinterpretation of certain deeds.

It is on the hypothesis that a deeper understanding can be effected through the medium of speaking each other's language that foreign language has been fostered in schools.

There are two foreign languages taught in our school. Because of the proximity to Mexico and the contact we have with the many Spanish-speaking countries, Spanish is taught. There has been organized a Spanish Club in Handley High School known as "Los Amigos Espanoles". In this club Spanish is the official language. Stories are told, songs sung, games played and everything spoken in Spanish. This year there have been only two years of Spanish, but plans have been made to add the third year course for the next year.

Four years of Latin are offered in the department. All six foreign language-courses are affiliated with the State Department of Education.

Our Commercial Department

Our commercial department is one of the finest departments in all Handley High School. We have affiliation in these subjects as well as in every other subject

which is taught here in the school. This means that one, after qualifying in our commercial course, is able to hold the position of bookkeeper or typist for any firm.

In the typewriting room, which is fully equipped, one may glance in at any period of the day and see pupils using their off time for practice. It is one of the laws of Handley High School that any pupil who takes this subject may have the use of the typewriter at any period during the day, provided he is in good standing in his other work.

In like manner our bookkeeping and shorthand room is furnished with the special needs of that class. Individual desks with private drawers in which each student may keep his papers separate from his other books are furnished to each pupil.

We are sure that, justly speaking, Handley High has a better equipped and a more thorough commercial department than any other school of its size in this part of Texas, and we extend a cordial invitation to anyone who may wish to visit us.

P r o g r e s s

It is very interesting to note the progress that our high school has made during the last few years. Especially noticeable is the increase in the number of graduates and the enrollment in the high school courses.

In 1921 there were only four graduates from high school, while the total enrollment was sixty-three. The next year there were thirteen graduates. In 1923, sixteen finished the course, and there has been a steady increase since then, until the present class consists of thirty pupils, and the total enrollment in the high school is 185. There are prospects of an even larger senior class next year.

A very prominent feature in the growth of the high school is that at the time it was making such wonderful progress the grade school enrollment was increasing very little. This shows that although there are approximately the same number of school children in Handley as before, a very much higher per cent of them continue through high school.

Another very commendable fact about the graduates is that ninety per cent of the 186 students who have finished here are or have been in college. This speaks exceedingly well for the management and influence of our high school, and we feel that our pride in our school is not unwarranted.

History of the Skyrocket

By SAM KITCHEN

During the first semester of the school year of 1920 the Juniors and Seniors of Handley High School decided to make an experiment. For four months there had been a popular demand for a school newspaper published by the student body, containing accounts of the various occurrences and activities of school life.

Consequently the project was undertaken by the faculty and some of the leading students, who laid the foundation for the modern Handley High School paper, "The Skyrocket." The immediate result of their efforts, however, was a brief newspaper pamphlet known as "The Gatepost." Unfortunately the original issue was the only one published under that name.

The following year interest in the school paper was revived, a new staff appointed, and the publication was continued. At this time some controversy about the name of the paper arose and it was agreed that the paper be given a new name. A list of suggested names was submitted to the student body and "The Skyrocket", suggested by Mr. J. W. Hampton, was selected. The cover for the first "Skyrocket" was designed by Porter Evans, staff artist, and bore a cartoon of Mr. Carter riding a gigantic skyrocket. The skyrocket has since been adopted as the Handley High School emblem, and students of Handley High School are now known every where as "Rockets". The emblem appears on all athletic equipment belonging to the school and has proved immensely popular as a class ring design.

"The Skyrocket" progressed rapidly and appeared regularly as a semi-monthly publication throughout the school terms of 1921, 1922, and 1923. In 1924 the first annual, a neat fifty-page booklet, was printed. In the year 1925 "The Skyrocket" appeared rather irregularly, but the best final edition that had ever been published appeared at the close of the school term. At the beginning of the term, 1925-26, "The Skyrocket" was discontinued because of the Handley News, which agreed to devote a portion of its space to the school reports. But soon the popular demand among the students caused "The Skyrocket" to be reinstated.

It is interesting to note the remarkable progress made by "The Skyrocket" in the past years. There is now a high degree of organization and centralization in the staff and its sponsors. Originally all teachers fostered and sponsored the paper but it is now published exclusively by the students under the direction of two sponsors. The paper is self supporting, whereas formerly it was financed by the Parent-Teachers' Association and other outside help.

It is expected that next year will be the most successful one "The Skyrocket" has ever experienced and with the hearty co-operation of the student body and the constant support of our advertisers, the staff will do its best to put out a series of papers that Handley High will be justly proud to own.

Springtime

BY ELSIE JIMMIE GRAVES

"A delicate fabric of bird song
Floats on the air,
The smell of wet, wild earth
Is everywhere——"

When I wake up in the morning longing for a tennis racquet or a baseball, or through the window see a patch of gold-blue sky or a bunch of leaves, I feel no other desire than to jump straight up; and I feel the nearness of books an oppression. I hasten to get out of doors, objecting to the early bath, to fresh linens, and even to the thought of breakfast. The day is not too long, the morning too fresh, the noon too hot, nor the evening too languorous; and I think the person who merely says "Fine Weather" a lunatic for doing it no greater justice.

I feel less like a student than anything else in the world, and more like an animal, especially in those moments when I think of going barefoot upon the turf. I want to do a number of things at once and end by doing the best of all,—nothing. A bookstrap is abominable; ivory colored walls look cold and dark, and their air unwholesome.

Everything outside flushes with the same life that is in my veins and warms quickly into activity. Between classes I know not what to do and so do nothing but wander like the blue clouds above, for all desk occupations are beyond consideration. The world is brimming with songs of birds. My attention wanders; the question in oral quiz comes like lightning at my heart; and notebooks are as mournful as their black covers; a pen is as heavy as the burden of Atlas. I pity each teacher for seeming to take a real interest in his subject.

To me the world and the fullness thereof is brightness—It is spring.

Spanking the Baby

BY RUTH BRANNON

Whenever and wherever this subject is brought up a question always arises. Regardless of whether it be before the "Ladies' Aid Society," "The Community Sewing Club," "Bachelors Club" or what not, there is always this one question, and always to this one question there are two answers; namely, "yes" and "no". This all important and vital question (to baby) is none other than this: "Should the baby be spanked?" After considering the two above and only answers to this question, you no doubt will decide on one of them to be the correct one. Do not, however, be sure that your decision is the sane and logical conclusion to a question of such great importance because you might be wrong. Let us look further into the matter.

You often hear of people who do not believe in spanking baby, but there is something queer about this particular type. You never see any of them; and you often wonder, "Do they really exist?" Maybe so; maybe not.

Everyone is familiar with the old saying, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Since rods were made for chastising children, we might consider that old saying a reversible one and quote it thus, "Spare the child and spoil the rod." Thus we see if no spanking is done, most likely baby and the rod both will be spoiled.

There are times when baby comes nearer to needing spanking than at other times. If, perchance, baby lets the secret out to sister's beau that her upper teeth are false and that she is twenty-six instead of twenty, then sister in self protection should spank baby.

If some time baby is sitting peacefully on your lap and is suddenly seized by an impulse to punch your eye out, pull your hair out by the roots, or break in the bridge of your nose, then it is in order to spank the baby to remind him that your safety is at stake when he goes on a rookus of that nature and that such will not be tolerated.

After meditating with deliberation on this question, we come to the conclusion that there are times when baby must be spanked or, *he must be good!*

Chewing Gum

BY BEATRICE SMITH

Truly, one of the most soul-satisfying practices in all the high school curriculum is that of chewing gum. Possibly a great deal of its attraction lies in the fact that it is forbidden. However, there is something more than that. There are many forbidden things that do not have the same "kick" as chewing gum through a whole class without being sentenced to detention. And if one is skillful enough to go through one whole day without having to remove the gum, this is considered as no less than an accomplishment. No doubt, to an outsider, such behaviour on the part of a high school student seems childish, but it isn't really. Students must have a way to get rid of a certain amount of mischief in their make ups. It is exactly the same principle that makes a Ford refuse to start when you need it most and makes the phone ring just when you are in no condition to answer it.

There is a certain amount of rivalry among students as to which one can tell the wildest experiences about gum chewing. I know of a student who tried every day for a week to chew gum through a certain class, and when he finally accomplished this feat he was the object of hearty congratulations from the other students, who knew what skill was needed to be successful at the task.

Such is the part gum chewing plays in the life of the high school. Long life and more skill to our gum chewers!

Activities

~ Honor Students ~



Theta Bussey
Valedictorian



Sam Kitchen
Salutatorian

Clara
Murray



Palma
Duke



Beatrice Smith



Marguerite
Wells

Ruth
Bradley





Physics Laboratory



Honor Study Hall

*Girls' and Boys'
Basketball*



Bookkeeping

Typing



*Chemistry
Laboratory*



*Superintendent
Carter
and
Secretary
Flarna Malone*



*Girl
Reserves*



*The Y.
Syncopators*



*Beverly
Cox*
Most Popular Girl



*Sam
Kitchen*
Most Popular Boy



Organizations

Skyrocket Staff

SIDE PANEL

Theta Bussey
Editor-in-Chief
Charlie Walden
Business Manager
Louise List
Advertising Manager

BOTTOM PANEL

Miss Varina Liggett
Sponsor
Sam Kitchen
Associate Editor
Beatrice Smith
Literary Editor
Miss Vivian Pierce
Sponsor
Kathleen Hubbard
Social Editor
Margaret Shahan
Advertising
Aubrey McGee
Advertising
Ora Mae Blair
Exchange Manager
Jewel Ruth Roberson
Circulation



Public Speaking

SIDE PANEL

Mr. P. S. Dodson

Debate Sponsor

Mrs. Robert V. Simons

Declamation Sponsor

BOTTOM PANEL

Louise List

Debate

Sam Kitchen

Debate

Beatrice Smith

Debate

Charlie Walden

Debate

Hattie Mae Driggers

Declamation

Wade Freudiger

Declamation



Girl Reserve Roll

Edith Waters	Hattie Mae Driggers
Fannie Wells	Alma Sikes
Shirley Smart	Palma Duke
Dorothy Smith	Susa Mae Beer
Una B. Groene	Helen Routt
Jeanne Giegling	Kathlyn Woolverton
Mary Sue Burt	Elsie Jimmie Graves
Ronda Winn	Margaret McGee
Ruth Brannon	Louise Daniel
Bessie Wells	Florence Cooke
Jewell Ruth Robinson	Florence Cadwallader
Zelletta Roper	Dorothy Cadwallader
Margret Smart	Ruth Bilton
Ruth Burton	Beatrice Smith
Beverly Cox	Lucille Quisenbury
Louise Thomason	Louise List
Marguerite Wells	Luetta Eastman
Ora Mae Blair	Marydell Burlew
Marialyce Nichol	Helen Weiler
Theta Bussey	Kathleen Hubbard
Thelma Creswell	Bonnie Hudgens
Cora Elizabeth Speight	Billie Beer
Bessie Maxwell	Flora Jane Hertig
Virginia Carmack	Jane Booth
Helen Marie Stevens	Gertrude Butcher
Nellie Standlee	Florence Gillespie
Clara Murrey	Gladys Welch
Grace Kiker	Atha Anthony
Christine Mims	Alice Mae Hendricks



HI - Y Club

Mr. Pat Dodson, Sponsor

Walter Moring

Aubrey McGee

Victor Johnson

Jesse Hoskins

Elwood McGee

Scranton Thomas

Raymond Malone

George Malaise

Eustace Fletcher

Harvey Fletcher

Clifford Routt

Harold Speight

Fred Kemp

Herman Blackburn

Sam Kitchen

Johnny Crow

Charlie Walden

Claude Carmack

Richard Ragland

Roy Creswell

Fritz Groene

Raymond Parr

Vernon Grady

Eugene Anderson

Lewis Emery

Mr. John C. Robertson



Our Social Calendar

SEPTEMBER 13th:—The Seniors and their friends entertained at the home of Kathleen Hubbard.

OCTOBER 23th:—Girl Reserves gave the Hi-Y's a Halloween party.

NOVEMBER 13th:—Two one-act plays were given for the benefit of our library. "Station YYYY" and "The Trysting Place."

DECEMBER 21st:—Dramatic Club presented a three-act comedy, "The Way of a Maid."

DECEMBER 25th:—SANTA CAME!

JANUARY 1st:—Seniors entertained by Gertrude Rosser.

FEBRUARY 4th:—Mrs. Simons entertained the Girl Reserve Cabinet.

FEBRUARY 13th:—Kathlyn Woolverton entertained with a "Heart Party."

FEBRUARY 25th:—Girl Reserve Cabinet served lunch at Y. W. C. A.

FEBRUARY 29th:—Kathleen Hubbard entertained with a party at her home.

MARCH 10th:—Kathlyn Woolverton was entertained with a surprise party.

MARCH 15th:—Basket Ball Girls went to Dublin to a A. A. U. meet.

MARCH 20th:—Girl Reserves gave a Dad and Daughter banquet.

MARCH 22nd:—Kathleen Hubbard entertained the Basket Ball Girls.

APRIL 5th:—Basket Ball Girls gave party in gym.

APRIL 6th:—Girl Reserves attended a "Mother and Daughter banquet at Texas Hotel.

APRIL 22nd:—Richard Ragland entertained the Seniors at his home.

MAY 3th:—Junior and Senior Banquet was held in the gym.

MAY 7th:—Grace Kiker entertained the Seniors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Hill.

MAY 13th:—Senior class play—"Cyclone Sally."

MAY 20th:—The old and new Girl Reserve Cabinets had party at Lake.

MAY 22nd:—Girl Reserves' farewell to the Seniors.

MAY 25th:—Senior class night.

MAY 27th:—Baccalaureate sermon.

MAY 27th:—The Seniors took lunch at the home of Kathleen Hubbard.

MAY 28th:—Grade school graduating exercises.

MAY 29th:—Senior graduating exercises.



SPORTS



C. K. STARK
Coach

Richard Ragland
Full Back

Claude Carmack
Right Half

Jesse Hoskins
Left End

Fred Kemp
Right End



Scranton Thomas
Left Half

Aubrey McGee
Center

Charlie Walden
Right Tackle

Harold Speight
Left Guard



ROY CRESWELL
Captain



HANDLEY HIGH 1927 FOOTBALL SEASON

We're very proud of the showing made by our football team during the past season. The team worked hard and took defeat when it came with the same spirit that it received victory.

The season was opened with a game at Diamond Hill. We were defeated 12-0, but the team came home ready to work harder than ever to be victorious in the next game, which was with Irving. In this game our boys were repaid for their work by holding the opponents to a tie. Our first victory came when Diamond Hill lost a return game here, 6-0. In the four following games the results were as follows: Grand Prairie, 12; Handley, 0; Arlington, 31; Handley, 0; Irving, 0; Handley, 0; Grand Prairie, 6; Handley, 0.

Our Thanksgiving game was with Irving at Irving. The teams were evenly matched as is evident from the preceeding games. No score was made until the last quarter when Roy Creswell intercepted a pass and scored a touchdown for Handley.

Fritz Groene
Center
Raymond Malone
Left Guard
Clifford Routt
Left Tackle
Eugene Anderson
Substitute



Boys' Basketball

In answer to a call for volunteers for the basketball team for the 1928 season, Clifford Routt, Richard Ragland, George Malaise, Harold Speight, Raymond Malone, Elwood McGee, Aubrey McGee, Eugene Anderson, and Tom Malaise responded. Mr. Stark, athletic coach, was very optimistic over the prospect of a good team being developed from such excellent material.

After several weeks of grueling work and strenuous practice, men were selected to play the various positions of the regular team. The line-up was as follows: G. Malaise and Ragland, Forwards; Routt and Malone, Guards; and Speight, Center. Clifford Routt, experienced basketball player, was elected Captain.

The student body regrets the loss of Ragland, Malone, A. McGee, and Captain Routt, who were responsible in a great measure for the success in exceeding last year's record. We especially regret the loss of Clifford Routt, who, by his faithful co-operation and clean sportsmanship, has contributed much to the athletic success of the school. Not only has he been considered a star of basketball, but he has served for four years on the football team and has competed in tract events.



Girls' Basketball

The first of the year the girls were eager to organize a basketball team to represent Handley High. There were five members left from the old team: Hazel Reynolds, Willie Jones, Winona Pridgeon, Reba Mitchell, and Grace Kiker. The old members who had played on the second team the previous year were Jewel Ruth Roberson, Gerturde Butcher, Beverly Cox and Elizabeth Wooldridge. With all of these players and two new members, Ozelle Norwood and Ruby Hester, Handley was sure of a successful team. Reba Mitchell was elected captain.

The coach, Miss Flarra Malone, trained the girls' team throughout the season, and to her they owe their great success in the league games which began January 6. The opponents in the Interscholastic League were Arlington, Grapevine and Mansfield. We are proud to say that our girls lost only one game in the League, this being with Mansfield.

After about three months practice they were asked if they wished to enter the A. A. U., which was to be held in Dublin. Of course, everyone was anxious to go, and all began making preparations.



Girls' Basketball

For a while the girls looked very gloomy because one of their best players had married and left school. One of the faithful girls, Gertrude Butcher, was ready and willing to take her place.

On March 15, the team left Handley at 7 A. M. and started for Dublin. In their first game they met Cisco at Stephenville and were defeated. This did not discourage our girls, and on to Dublin they went with the determination that they would win something or die in the attempt. In the next game they played Sanger, defeating them one point, the score being 24 and 25.

As winners in this game they met Snyder the following day. At the end of the first half Snyder was 15 points ahead of Handley, but at the end of the game the score was 24 and 25 in Handley's favor. Things began to look bright to them then. Their next game was with Seldon. This was a close and interesting game, but despite all their efforts they were defeated.

Although they did not win in the first and last games, we are proud to say that they brought back one of the prettiest loving cups that has ever been placed in Handley's possession.



Autographs

Autographs

81

A Senior's Meditation

By MARGUERITE WELLS

The last chapter of the "First Book" ends,
And I close that Book with a sigh;
Am I worthy of the honor gained?
If not—I wonder why?

Whom have I cheated in the game?
Whom have I slighted in the race?
Have I wasted all these years
And vainly gained my place?

My high school days are now finished.
Was the game always fairly won?
Is there more that I could do?
Is everything already done?

To my eager questions Knowledge answers:
'Thy race, my friend, is not half won.
There are hills to master yet,
There is much yet undone.'

I'll take my stand on this old world,
Standing shoulder to shoulder with the
rest;
On one side I will see the poor and needy,
On the other side,—the blest!

Mine is the task to face the world;
I must meet every sorrow and care;
What befalls my weaker comrade;
All this and more I must bear.

Class Mates, search well for your treasure;
May you ever find and give the best;
There is lots of joy, Pala.
Having courage, you can find the rest.

—oOo—

Graduation Day

By RICHARD RAGLAND

When spring has come
And leaves peep out,
And wild bees hum
As they work about.

The bare-footed days
That children love,
Lighten the haze
In the skies above.

But with this spring
Our heads droop low;
There is a thing
That we dreaded so.

It means that life
At Handley High
Will change for a while
As the days go by.

—oOo—

Seniors of '28

By RUTH BRADLEY

I think that I shall never see
Seniors, half so fine as we.

Seniors whose hungry brains are pressed
By loving teachers' flowing test.

Seniors who study books all day
And lift their arms at night to pray.

Seniors who may in summer be
Happy, merry, and carefree.

Upon whose brow, perspiration has stood
Who always say, "We thought we could."

—oOo—

The Weaving of Life

By CLARA MURRAY

We are leaving our high school days forever.
For our Senior days are over;
Yet—our life work—what shall it be,
A doctor, a teacher or only a rover?

Or perhaps a great artist:
A singer, player, or painter,
A rich man, poor man, a man of strife;
Still—whatever we are, we are weavers,
Weaving the picture of life.

Come, let us do our very best,
As we journey along the way;
And though our high school we are leaving,
Let us all be happy and gay.

—oOo—

Our Senior Rings

By CLARA MURRAY

The Senior rings are marvelous things;
They speak of the work we've done;
A bit of gold of which we are proud,
Which, by much labor, we have won.

A thing to keep throughout our lives,
To wear, to show, until we die;
And when we're ever so far away,
To think of our Senior days gone by.

Don't Close This Book

just because you have come to the advertising section. Read these advertisements and patronize the advertisers. We owe the success of this paper to the advertisers. We are proud of their faith investing in the "Skyrocket." It is only through their firm support that our paper has grown to its present state as a self-supporting institution. We are glad to have this opportunity of publicly expressing our appreciation and gratitude to our friends, the advertisers.

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"True, you didn't touch my store of happiness. I gave you what you asked for. At any rate, you know now what happiness is NOT!"

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you are not prepared for business employment,

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you cannot meet new situations with sufficient preparation to understand and master them,

you cannot conduct ordinary business transactions understandingly and successfully,

you realize your shortcomings and do nothing to remedy them,

"IF I wanted to succeed in any line I would get the advice of the most successful men in that line. If I chose to be a tramp, I would go to the most successful tramp. If I wanted to make my mark in the world, I would take the advice of the world's leaders."

WHAT THE WORLD'S LEADERS TELL YOU!

ANDREW CARNEGIE, Steel King and Philanthropist:

I advise young men and women to save the most precious years of their lives by securing a business education, that they may go forth fully equipped early in life.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, World's Richest Man:

I believe that every young man and woman who wants to succeed in business should do as I did—take a course at a commercial college.

DR. FRANK CHANCE, Noted Author:

To know Shorthand is better than having your rich uncle leave you ten thousand dollars. You might lose the money and you probably would spend it or some one would get it away from you, but a knowledge of shorthand is a treasure that "moth nor rust doth not corrupt nor thieves break through and steal."

HUGH CHALMERS, Prominent Manufacturer:

I have always said that the position of stenographer is the best training for a young man, if he has any brains, and if the man he works for has any brains, because he can learn more in that way than in any other that I know of.

JAMES A. GARFIELD, Ex-President of the United States:

Business colleges furnish a better education for practical purposes than Princeton, Harvard or Yale.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, Ex-President of the United States:

Every girl should have a thorough business training to make her independent of marriage as a means of support. Then she need not marry except in obedience to the dictates of her heart. Business training makes her self-reliant, not a clinging vine, and if she marries she can contribute some strength to the partnership.

THE CALL FOR LEADERSHIP

There are plenty of ordinary men and women in the world—too many of them, in fact.

What this and every other generation needs is more leadership—more intelligence—more preparation—more initiative.

This, of course, is the greatest of all ages because it has had the benefit of the labor and thought of the greatest of all men and women since time began. The level of accomplishment is getting higher all the time, and those who aspire to get above this level must climb higher than was necessary a few years ago.

Among other things, this age has developed a demand for specialists—for men and women who not only have a general knowledge of many things, but who know one thing exactly and do it superbly well. It is useless for any young man or young woman to dream of more than ordinary achievement without first making the special, technical preparation that will render achievement possible. If you wanted to be a great jurist, or a great minister, or a great physician, or a great architect, or a great artist, or a great electrician, you would study year in and year out to prepare yourself in the calling to whose

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THEN

you will have no chance at the better positions, and no chance for advancement,

you must be content to fill the little places in your field, whatever it may be.

you cannot earn advancement and will be handicapped as long as you live.

you will never achieve anything for which the world would applaud you.

you must take the consequences.

mastery you aspire.

You will find conditions in business to be precisely the same—it takes effort to achieve efficiency—it takes training—it takes time to work.

If you can really realize and appreciate this fact, we are sure that you will begin now to make plans to meet these conditions of leadership.

We invite you to give us the opportunity to help you.

Plan now to enter our school, and consider the fact that thousands of other young people have taken our courses and are out in business offices where they have won success, and you know that what they have done you can do.

Consider the fact that right now while you are wondering what to do, our rooms and halls are well filled with young men and young women, ambitious and industrious, who every day are forging ahead and increasing their lead over you. Don't let indecision handicap you any longer; don't let those with whom you are to compete get a start on you that will make it impossible for you ever to overtake them. Use your good judgment and get an even start in the race for success.

ENTER THE RIGHT SCHOOL

In the undertaking to get a business education, two things are important—getting started and getting started in the right school.

We need hardly say that young people who can start to school now should do so—that every day defers just that long the achievement of which they are now dreaming.

Our school is open to new students each Monday. Classes are arranged for their convenience. This is possible because of our method of combining class and personal instruction.

In the second place, it is worth the while of the prospective student who is not thoroughly acquainted with the school toward which he is looking to inquire, "Is it Accredited by the National Association of Accredited Commercial Schools?"

Accredited by this Association is the highest honor that can be conferred upon a private business school. It means that the school has been carefully inspected, its courses of study scrutinized, its faculty investigated, and its good reputation in its own community verified.

It costs no more to attend a school so accredited than to attend any other, and we very earnestly ask our readers to make the inquiry suggested before enrolling in any school.

We are pardonably proud of the fact that our school is fully accredited by the N. A. A. C. S. and of the further fact that we undertake every day to measure up to the standards set by the Association for its member schools.

Any further information about our work will be promptly furnished.

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